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EASTERN OREGON.

MRS. DUNIVAY'S DESCRIPTION OF HER TRIP FROM BURNT RANCHE TO CANYON CITY.

FRIENDS OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE FOUND ALL ALONG THE LINE—A "CHARIVARI" PARTY OUTWITTED.

CANYON CITY, November 8, 1880.

DEAR READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

After mailing the editorial letter of last week from the Saltzman House, in the John Day Valley, we retired early to rest. After a dreamless sleep, we were ready to mount the Thursday morning buck-board, bound for the village of Mitchell, seventeen Cayuse miles away. Our route lay over and through alternate hills and valleys, creek beds and mountain gorges, and we experienced half a dozen varieties of climate in as many half miles, and saw more sidelong ridges than we would ever care to count. The valleys are low and level, and are capable of producing fruits and vegetables of both temperate and semi-tropical character. Everywhere, upon either hand, the great ragged bluffs rise up in bold array, casting black shadows into the gorges from one side, and reflecting back the sun's rays from the other, and so tempering the atmosphere that apples, peaches, tomatoes, pears, plums and cherries grow and ripen in profusion wherever they are cultivated. Irrigating ditches are noticeable here and there, the waters they supply being clear and pure, like melted snows. The basaltic rocks of the Dalles region have given place to concrete mountains, bluffs of sandstone, and banks of washed gravel cement. Sea shells abound on the highest peaks, and petrified trees, and even perfect leaves of stone, are found in many places, of a character to prove that inconceivable changes have occurred in these fastnesses at some remote period in the ages gone. Some of the great rocks are castellated, like those of the Wind River country, some of the billowy bluffs are variegated in color, and one great castle-like structure of sandstone slabs, with a huge dome at the summit, the driver told us, was called "Senator Mitchell," in honor of the gentleman whose name it bears. A mile or two beyond this mammoth rock is the village of Mitchell above mentioned, which consists of half a dozen new, unpainted frame houses, with the post office, hotel and store in one of them, and all cuddled cozily down upon the bosom of a friendly valley, around which great bluffs keep tireless and eternal vigil, like sentinels forever at their post.

Mr. I. N. Sargent, the leading man of the village, and proprietor of the aforesaid hotel, post office and store, welcomed us in the hospitable manner peculiar to the country, and ushered us into the cheery presence of his amiable wife, who informed us that a wedding was in progress, and our help was needed to arrange the drapery of the bride. In a little while all was ready, and the groom-elect, an honest young ranchman from Baker county, led forth the bride, who was lovely to look upon in her floating veil and snowy orange blossoms, and Elder Rowe, who had halted by the way for the purpose, proceeded to pronounce Frank Hunsaker and Fanny Sargent husband and wife. The wedding was a private affair, only the parents of the high contracting parties and half a dozen invited guests besides ourselves and the stage driver being present. But the occasion was all the more enjoyable because of its simplicity. In a little while we all sat down to a sumptuous feast, and the afternoon was spent in neighborly chit-chat and the friendly interchange of views upon many widely different topics.

When the crowd came from that attended the lecture in the evening, was hard to conjecture; but it was promptly on hand, and a more respectful and attentive auditory we have never had. Rancho-men and rancho-women were there, the former roughly and warmly clad and fully equipped for the stock business, and the latter, for the most part, pale and anxious-visaged, and apparently in need of the ducking overcoats and fur-lined boots that made the men comfortable and kept them warm and jolly. When frontier men and women learn that women must clothe themselves as warmly as men do, there will be far less of ill health and mortality among pioneer farmers' wives than now. The interest in our work was respectful and demonstrative, and the women were much encouraged by the favorable opinions of their husbands relative to their inalienable rights.

After the lecture, the "boys," as men of all ages are called on the road, to the number of a couple of dozen, began to tune themselves up around the freight wagons and camp-fires for the dulcet harmonies of a grand *charivari*. The newly-married couple took the hint, and, disguising themselves, departed in a hack for the house of a neighbor, several miles away. It was hardly nine o'clock before the fun began. And such fun! The "boys" threw stones at the house, and fired blank cart-

ridges at the windows, and rang discordant bells, and drummed on dry goods boxes, and frightened a baby, and made good Mrs. Sargent nervous and angry—and all for nothing. The married couple had "vamosed the ranche." We thought the musicians had enjoyed about fun enough after half an hour, and the elder Mrs. Hunsaker accompanied us out to the teamsters' camp-fire, around which the serenaders had assembled for a few minutes' consultation; and when we graciously informed the amateurs that their victims had "skedaddled," it was our turn to enjoy the fun. Some of them held their guns awkwardly in their hands and gazed straight down their noses in silence, others toyed idly with the discordant bells and said nothing, and others asked questions incredulously. After being repeatedly assured that their game was gone, they felt that their music had been made in vain; but we begged them to believe it was all right. It was a grand serenade, we said, in honor of Mrs. Hunsaker and ourself in particular, and woman's rights in general. We were very thankful and complimentary, and bowed ourselves away at the close of the little speech accompanied by "Three cheers for the NEW NORTHWEST" and a grand "hurrah for Hardscrabble." The revelers then suspected the whereabouts of the bride and groom, and, after further consultation, departed for their place of entertainment. But the groom, anticipating such a visit, and determined to mislead them, had hidden his hack in a ravine over an adjoining hill, and, as they could not find it on the premises, they supposed he had gone in some other direction; and they returned, crestfallen but jolly, and consoled themselves by giving another outdoor concert in honor of their own discomfiture.

The morning came, and we were off for Spanish Gulch, or Camp Watson, the former being the local and the latter the geographical name of the village to which we had previously forwarded the announcement of the next lecture. Our route lay through another long, unvarying stretch of alternate gorges, vales and mountains, and brought us at three P. M. to the dinner station kept by Mr. Emil Shutz, formerly sheriff of Wasco county, but now an extensive ranchman of Grant. An excellent dinner and a pleasant chat with this gentleman and his enterprising wife, both of whom are good Woman Suffragists, prepared us for the next ride of a dozen miles to our next appointment.

Spanish Gulch is a noted mining camp, situated high up in the John Day Valley—if that may be called a valley which is composed of alternate stretches of mountains, with only deep gulches between. Here are three prosperous mining claims, where men are engaged in Summer in searching through the auriferous rocks with hydraulic rams in quest of yellow ore. At present the mines are idle, owing to the scarcity of water, but the Summer yield has been a good one, and the prospects for the coming year are flattering. We reached the village at nightfall, after having been cheered in the afternoon by information tendered by the returning stage driver, that the station-keeper and landlord of the one hotel couldn't keep us over night on account of a rush of travel. But we scented the breath of Jacksonville in the story, and pushed confidently on, well knowing there was nothing but a little opposition ahead in the shape of man's rights bulldozing. (We'd use a better word if there were one; but language-making isn't our forte, and there's no other that will do the subject justice.)

Arriving at the station, we found, as we expected, that the landlord had drawn upon his imagination for his facts about the "rush of travel." But we were not without friends, as the sequel proved, for Mrs. Kerns, a bright, intelligent lady from East Portland, whose husband, Samuel Kerns, Esq., is largely engaged in mining here, had heard of our arrival, and she favored us with an invitation to her cosy and charming cottage, where we were soon enjoying a hearty welcome and a hospitable board. The station-keeper and landlord had "smothered our bills in committee," and there was no lecture announced. But the amiable schoolma'am, Miss Marshall, of Linn county, who boards with Mrs. Kerns, had the school-house warm and in order, and the little children soon spread the news of our coming. All the ladies of the place (except the wife of the station-keeper) and all their bright and rosy children, with two or three gentlemen, were soon assembled at the school-room, and we had a grand good time. We hope the station-keeper will read his good wife's NEW NORTHWEST during the coming year, and learn therefrom that women who want their rights are making no raid upon his domestic felicity or that of any other man. It is only ignorance, fostered by prejudice, that ever leads any well-intentioned man to oppose the enfranchisement of women or mistreat its advocates.

The bed of the gulch at Camp Watson has been sluiced out, rolled up and turned over in search of

gold, till the grounds resemble those around Silver City in Idaho or Jacksonville in Oregon. Children here are healthy, rosy and numerous, and there is no more hospitable place on the road than this. Several gentlemen returned from a two days' hunt in the adjacent mountains during our visit, bringing with them eleven deer as trophies of their success.

All were sorry that we could not remain for another lecture, as we were strongly urged to do. At six P. M. we were off again, a night ride of fifty-five Cayuse miles before us. As it was all we could do to see the horses and keep our seat, we must of necessity spare the reader the description of the country with which he would otherwise be afflicted. Suffice it to say, that the road in most parts was surprisingly good, and the driver—the fifth we have traveled with on the route—informed us that farms abounded upon almost every hand. How long the miles were, and how cold and tired and sleepy we grew, cannot be expressed upon paper; and when, at last, at four A. M., we left the rolling upland and rushed for miles adown a zigzag gule till we reached the City of Canyon, the horses and driver were not more thoroughly rejoiced than we. The City Hotel was full, and could not give us a room till daylight; but the friendly night-watch procured us a room at the Eagle House, where we were soon fast asleep and as profoundly oblivious to bobbing buck-boards as other sublimary things.

The day was spent in rest and repose, and by Monday morning we were ready to work. The Canyon City people are hospitable, accommodating and respectful, and it is as surprising as gratifying to note their interest in the Woman Suffrage cause. Our lectures begin to-night, and after they are over we shall be ready to "rise and report progress." A. S. D.

The Republicans are pushing the investigation of the Garfield-Morey Chinese letter forgery, and claim to be "closing in on prominent Democrats." The National Democratic Committee has found it necessary to issue an address disclaiming any connection with the forgery; but the disclaimer comes very late, as all possible use was made of the letter, even after Garfield had denied its authorship. Barium can never convince the public of his innocence in this matter. It is known that he and his associates sent telegrams all over the land, and to the Pacific coast in particular, up to the day of the election, trying to bolster up the authenticity of the letter, and lead the voters to believe it genuine. It is among the probabilities that he and other members of the committee, including Abram S. Hewitt, will be punished for their participation in the disgraceful rascality.

From the Olympia Standard: "A woman advertises in the Portland Standard for a situation as cook or housekeeper, and closes her announcement with, 'No Republican need reply.' That is 'carrying the war into Africa' with a vengeance. While we do not dispute her privilege of favoring Hancock men, we have always thought it a capital idea to corral all the Republican money lying around loose. It keeps just that much out of the corruption fund, you know."

Among the strongest supporters of Woman Suffrage are the agricultural classes. The *Western Light* has made some investigations, and it reports that "all Grangers are suffragists." They almost universally "believe in taking their wives to their clubs and electing them to offices equally with themselves, and not letting them be wall-flowers, to smile and wave handkerchiefs when some astute citizen is overflowing with eloquence at our 'free' country."

From the Canyon City News of the 13th inst.: "Perhaps no man in Oregon is a stronger advocate of Woman Suffrage than Major Magone. He rode fourteen miles, with one foot disabled and only clothed in a sock, and did without his supper, to hear Mrs. Dunivay lecture."

Eureka C. Browne, a Hoboken lady, has invented and received a patent for the "Eureka Street Sweeper," which is pronounced a remarkable machine by capitalists and railroad men who have examined it.

We learn that the Yamhill County Woman Suffrage Association will soon begin to hold regular meetings again. The members are awake to the necessity of doing good work in the coming four years.

The late Mary Shields, of Philadelphia, left an estate valued at nearly \$935,000, nearly all in personal effects. Her bequests to Pennsylvania charities amount to \$855,000.

Buffalo Bill (Hon. Wm. F. Cody), "the scout, actor and statesman," is a pronounced advocate of universal suffrage.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

"THE OLDEST NATION IN THE WORLD TO BECOME YOUNGEST."

The Egyptian obelisk, bearing the above name, is now in place in Central Park, New York. It took the name of Cleopatra's Needle, says the *National Citizen*, because that luxurious queen caused it to be transported from Heliopolis, the City of the Sun, to Alexandria. Cleopatra lived about the time of Christ, but the obelisk had then been standing fifteen hundred years. It was a thousand and five hundred years old at Cleopatra's birth. Although its erection was not due to Cleopatra, another more ancient, more powerful queen than she caused it to be hewn from its quarry, covered with hieroglyphics, and set before a temple in that olden city of temples, Heliopolis. Cleopatra was of Greek origin, a Ptolemy, but Queen Hatasu, to whom the obelisk is due, was a Pharaoh of the eighteenth dynasty, and one of the wisest and most powerful monarchs that ever reigned over Egypt. Hers was the golden age of Egypt, when the whole country was adorned with finest sculpture.

Egypt possessed several distinct periods of architecture, known as the pyramid period, the temple period, and the obelisk period. The obelisk period continued for fifteen hundred years, but was at its culmination during the reign of Hatasu. The two largest obelisks ever cut from a single stone were those erected by Hatasu before the Divine Gate of Karnak, the most magnificent temple in Thebes, in honor of the god Amun-Ra. They were of the rose-colored Syene granite, ninety-four feet in height, the tops broad enough for a hundred men to stand upon, and were ornamented by pyramids of gold made from the spoil of captured enemies. Eighteen figures of life-size were sculptured upon each, and so exquisitely done that it resembles the finest intaglios of the Greeks rather than sculpture. No tools known to moderns are capable of doing such work to-day. One of them is still standing where first erected three thousand five hundred years ago, and still bears record to the world that it was erected in the sixteenth year of Hatasu's reign. The quarries from whence they were brought were six hundred miles from Thebes. Modern science, with all its boasted advancement, could not to-day cut such monuments as these or move them into place. These two obelisks are very much larger than Cleopatra's Needle presented to the United States by the Khedive. This needle, which must be remembered as also dating back to Hatasu's reign, is seventy feet square at the base, five feet three inches on top, and weighs two hundred tons. It is in as perfect condition as the day it left the quarry, a thousand five hundred years before Christ. It is a monument that has been conspicuous in history for ages, not only for the fifteen hundred years it did duty as a religious monument in the City of the Sun, but for the nineteen hundred years it stood by the sea in that city built by Alexander the Great, until now, unwrecked by time, solid and unbroken, but brown from the storms of nearly four thousand years, it has been brought to adorn the proudest city of the new world.

At the time this obelisk was hewn, not only was the throne of Egypt occupied by a powerful queen, but women over the whole land were on an equality with men. They entered the professions, were priests and physicians, "the medicines of the daughters of Egypt" being mentioned by the prophet Jeremiah. A queen of Egypt, Aleandra, wife of Polybius, gave to Helen of Troy the famous potion Nephentes, which was said to cure sorrow and render a person insensible to pain. Women taught in temples of learning, woman's colleges abounding. In one of these Moses received his training. The women of Egypt were engaged in commerce and manufactures, although the men chiefly wove, and Herodotus paints the latter as sitting in the house at work while their wives traded in the markets. Every position open to man in Egypt was also open to woman, and now that we shall have this obelisk of forty centuries looking down upon us, we hope the inspiration of its presence, the message of equality it carries, and its record of woman's power in the past, will be to the men of our country a constant reminder of woman's inequality here. Over the door of the Egyptian Pavilion at the Centennial Exposition was this inscription: "The Oldest Nation in the World to the Youngest." May this monument of the oldest nation in the world be a constant reminder to the youngest that rights are not of sex, but belong to humanity.

The passage of the Woman Suffrage resolution by the last Legislature has given an impetus to the cause, and before another Legislature assembles the question will be thoroughly agitated.

The Republican ratification meeting on last Friday evening was large and enthusiastic.